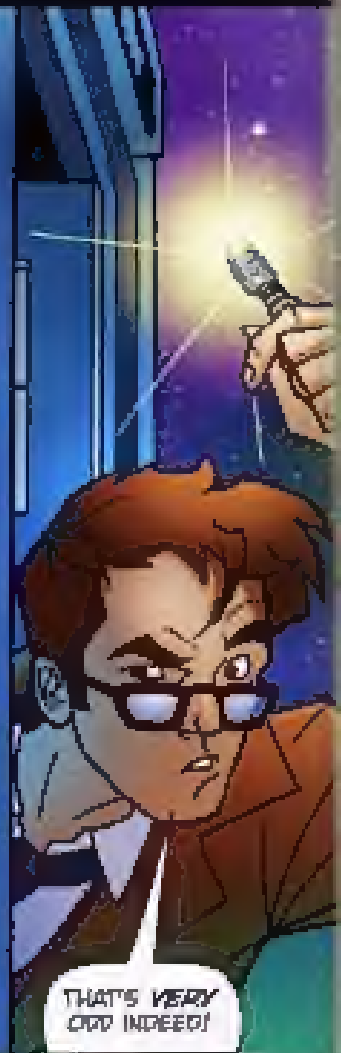


# DOCTOR WHO

## GREEN FINGERS

PART ONE

Script MIKE TUCKER Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK Letters PAUL WYSE



THAT'S VERY  
ODD INDEED!

ACCORDING TO THE TARDIS,  
I ~~SHOULD~~ BE AT BAZ'S  
BASTY DINER ON THE EASTERN  
DESERT OF AGRELLIAN  
THAKIS. IT ~~SHOULD~~ BE THE  
MIDDLE OF THE DAY...



...AND THERE DEFINITELY  
~~SHOULDN'T~~ BE ANY  
TREE-LORD-EATING  
PLANTS AROUND!

THE LIGHT  
IS AFFECTING  
THE PLANTS  
SOMEHOW! GOT  
TO TURN IT OFF!





THANK YOU. I KNOW I **WAS** LOOKING FOR A BITE TO EAT, BUT THAT'S THE MOST AGGRESSIVE SALAD I'VE EVER MET!

YOU ARE AN **UNAUTHORISED PERSON**. YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME OUT OF THE **BIDDOME**.

BIDDOME? THAT SOUNDS...



PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN **WHO** YOU ARE, AND HOW YOU MANAGED TO GET INTO A **RESTRICTED AREA**?

USUALLY I'D TRY TO BLUFF MY WAY OUT AND CLAIM THAT I WANDERED IN BY ACCIDENT...

...BUT GIVEN WHERE WE ARE I DON'T THINK THAT'S GOING TO SOUND VERY CONVINCING, IS IT?





I'M THE DOCTOR  
AND I'VE COME TO  
DO A SURPRISE  
INSPECTION.

PSYCHIC  
PAPER  
NEVER  
FAILS!

I WASN'T  
INFORMED  
ABOUT ANY  
INSPECTION.

NEED TO KNOW!  
NEED TO KNOW!



SO, WHAT  
EXACTLY IS IT  
YOU ARE DOING  
HERE?

I'M NOT A  
TOUR GUIDE!  
PROFESSOR FLINT,  
PERHAPS YOU CAN  
EXPLAIN TO THE  
DOCTOR...



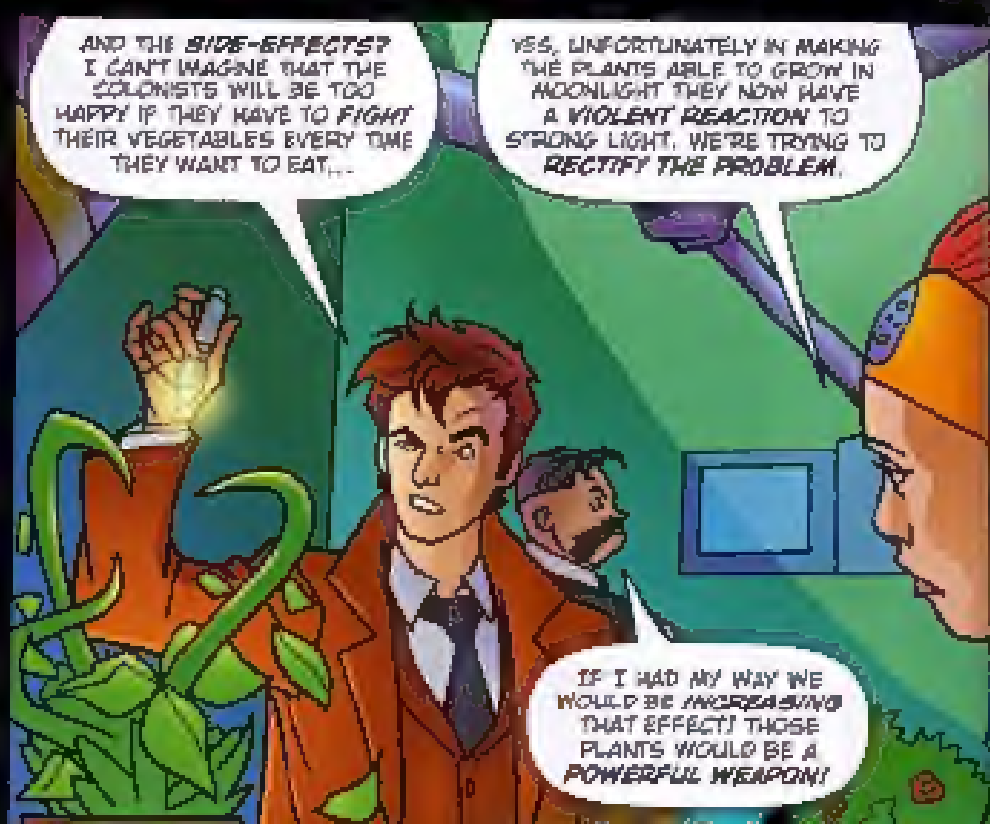
COME TO SEE WHAT  
WE'RE UP TO, EH,  
DOCTOR? I GATHER  
OUR FRIENDS IN THE  
GREENHOUSE GAVE YOU  
QUITE A SHOCK!

LIVELY WHEN THEY  
GET A BIT OF SUN.  
AREN'T THEY?

THEY'RE OUR **PROUDEST**  
**ACHIEVEMENT**. CROPS  
THAT CAN GROW WITH THE  
Faintest HINT OF LIGHT.



"IT WILL **REVOLUTIONISE** THE LIVES  
OF THE **COLONISTS** ON THE OUTER  
RIM. ALLOW US TO PUSH EVER FURTHER  
OUT WITH OUR **EXPLORATION TEAMS**."



AND THE **SIDE-EFFECTS**?  
I CAN'T IMAGINE THAT THE  
COLONISTS WILL BE TOO  
HAPPY IF THEY HAVE TO **FIGHT**  
THEIR VEGETABLES EVERY TIME  
THEY WANT TO EAT...

YES, UNFORTUNATELY IN MAKING  
THE PLANTS ABLE TO GROW IN  
MOONLIGHT THEY NOW HAVE  
A **VIOLENT REACTION** TO  
STRONG LIGHT. WE'RE TRYING TO  
**RECTIFY THE PROBLEM**.

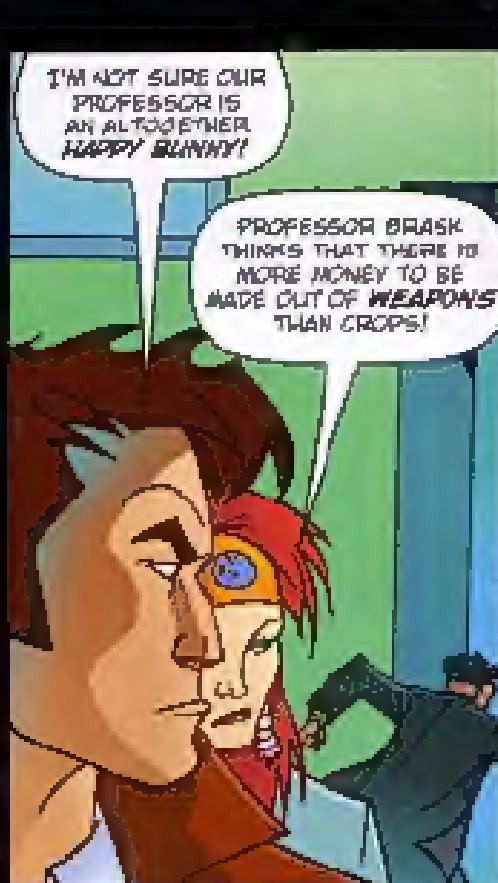
IF I HAD MY WAY WE  
WOULD BE **INCREASING**  
THAT EFFECT! THOSE  
PLANTS WOULD BE A  
**POWERFUL WEAPON**!





AS I KEEP TELLING YOU, PROFESSOR, WE'RE A CIVILIAN RESEARCH TEAM. WE HAVE NO INTEREST IN MILITARY AIMS!

PAW! WE COULD BE MAKING A FORTUNE!



I'M NOT SURE OUR PROFESSOR IS AN ALTOGETHER HAPPY BUNNY!

PROFESSOR BRASK THINKS THAT THERE IS MORE MONEY TO BE MADE OUT OF WEAPONS THAN CROPS!



HERE, DOCTOR, LOOK AT THESE READINGS.

HMM. HAVE YOU TRIED REVERSE SPECTRUM THERAPY?

FOOL! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY HAVE CREATED HERE! BY TOMORROW I'LL BE RICHER THAN THEY CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!



WARNING. WARNING. SECURE CONTAINMENT BREACHED. AHHHKK!

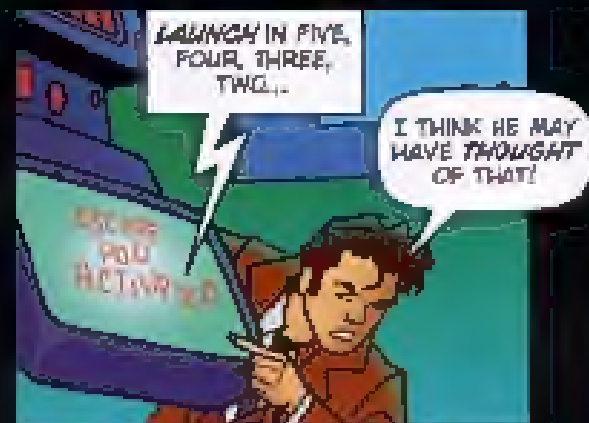
OUT OF MY WAY, ROBOT!



WHAT DOES HE THINK HE'S DOING? HE'LL NEVER GET OFF THE STATION!

SLAMMM!

HE'S ACTIVATED THE SECURITY DOOR!



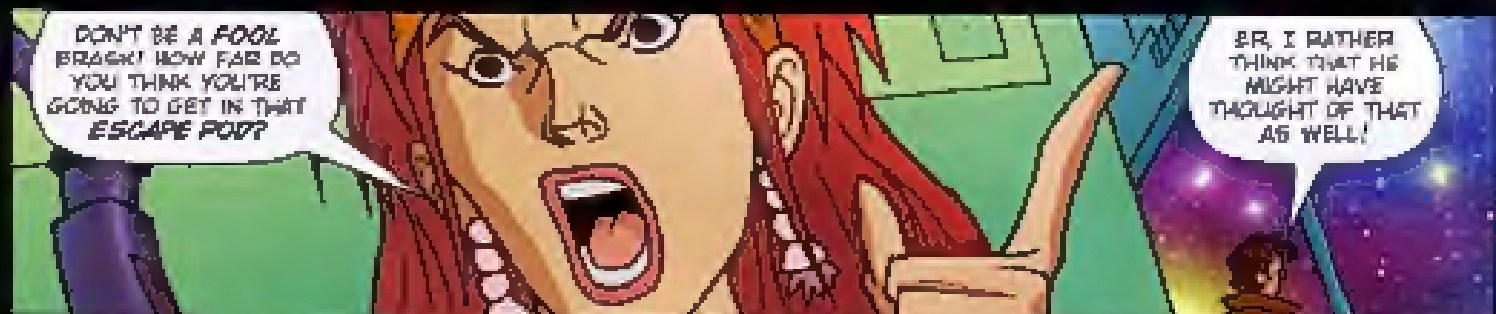
LAUNCH IN FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO...

I THINK HE MAY HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT!



THANK YOU, DOCTOR.  
YOU PROVIDED A MOST  
FORTUNATE DISTRACTION!

MY OLD COLLEAGUES  
AT WEAPONTEK WILL  
FIND THESE MOST  
INTERESTING!

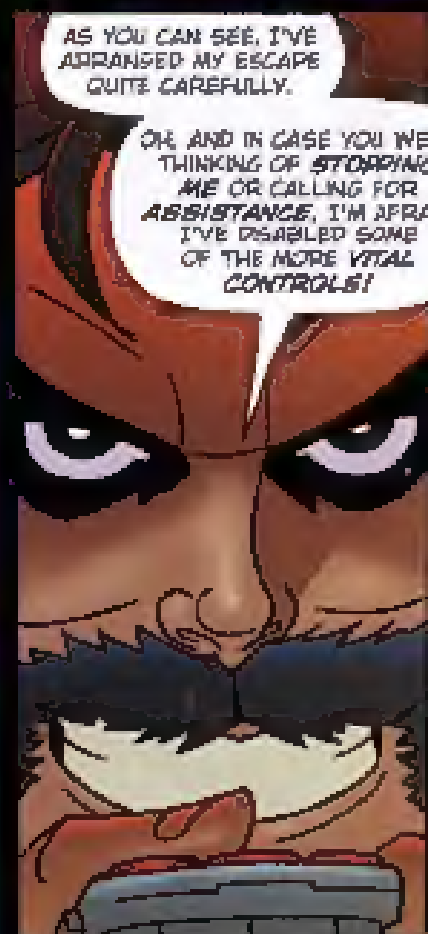


DON'T BE A FOOL  
BRACK! HOW FAR DO  
YOU THINK YOU'RE  
GOING TO GET IN THAT  
ESCAPE POD?

ER, I RATHER  
THINK THAT HE  
MIGHT HAVE  
THOUGHT OF THAT  
AS WELL!



"A WEAPONTEK  
BATTLECRUISER!"



AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE  
ARRANGED MY ESCAPE  
QUITE CAREFULLY.

OH, AND IN CASE YOU WERE  
THINKING OF STOPPING  
ME OR CALLING FOR  
ASSISTANCE, I'M AFRAID  
I'VE DISABLED SOME  
OF THE MORE VITAL  
CONTROLS!

**DANGER. SPACE  
STATION NO LONGER IN  
GEOSTATIONARY ORBIT.**

**WE'VE LOST ALL  
POWER TO THE  
MOTORS!**

**PLEASE RE-ENGAGE  
AUTO PILOT**

**HE'S FROZEN  
OUT ALL OF THE  
CONTROLS EXCEPT  
LIFE SUPPORT!**

**BUT IF THE PLANTS  
ARE EXPOSED TO  
DIRECT SUNLIGHT...**

**I KNOW! THINGS  
COULD GET  
DANGEROUS!**

**VERY  
DANGEROUS  
INDEED!**

**EEEEEEEEOOOOOWWWWWW!**  
**DON'T MISS PART TWO  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!**